

Wanted— A Husband

A Married Marriage That Was Not
Repented

By F. A. MITCHELL

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The landlord of the Antlers in the village of B., having finished his breakfast, sat him down before an open log fire to read the morning paper. His was a hotel for summer boarders, and since it was now the dead of winter his guests were few and far between. He read the little sheet before him, including the advertisements, then arose from his seat, went to the window, looked out on the dreary scene and longed for summer to come, when he would again be in the midst of the season's bustle.

He was on the eve of a bustle of another kind. Down the road came a sleigh, the driver thrashing the galloping horses that drew it. Instead of passing the Antlers, he stopped in at the front door, and a lady stepped out and ran up the steps. The landlord went into the hall and admitted her.

"I want a husband," she said. "Instantly."

The landlord gaped at her wonderingly.

"A husband, I say, immediately. I'll make it worth your while and the man who marries me."

At the words "I'll make it worth your while" a change came over the landlord.

"What kind of a husband?"

"Any one. Be quick about it or I am lost."

The landlord, being a married man, was not himself eligible, much to his regret, for the lady was young and pretty, so after a moment's thought he seized his hat and coat and hurried out.

There were summer cottages in B., one of which was owned by a widow named Thurber. Her son Harry, a man of twenty-five, had come from the city to prepare the place for the reception of a house party that was to follow him into the country. Harry



"I am free!" she exclaimed. Thurber was superintending the unpacking of some boxes of supplies when the landlord of the Antlers came rushing in, exclaiming:

"I want a man."

"What for?" asked Thurber, looking up inquiringly.

"To marry a young woman who is in a big hurry."

"You don't mean it?"

"She says she'll make it worth any man's while to marry her."

"Is she a fright?"

"No; she has a lot of style about her and is pretty."

"By Jove, I have a mind to go and take a look at her."

There was more talk over the matter while the lady was impatiently stamping back and forth across the floor of the parlor. The landlord was not unwilling that Thurber should help him out of the matter, so the two set off together to join her. The lady looked surprised at seeing a man of Thurber's station, but as there was evidently no time to lose she said quickly:

"I expected some ordinary man to give me the legal status of a married woman for a consideration."

"I might fill the bill without the consideration."

"But you must sign a paper agreeing not to claim any matrimonial rights to leave me as soon as married."

Thurber stood looking at the girl for a few moments, during which a great deal was passing through his mind. Presently he said:

"I'm your man."

"Have you a clergyman handy?" asked the lady of the landlord.

"No, but we have a justice of the peace."

"Call him."

The landlord looked at Thurber, who gave his assent, and the justice was called.

"I see," said Thurber to the girl. "That for some reason you find it essential to assume the legal position of wife. I will accommodate you with

out any reward except that you shall join a party to be given at my mother's cottage, the guests to arrive this afternoon."

The girl thought a moment, then said:

"I agree to the terms."

At this moment the justice appeared. The two stood up before him and were married, the landlord and his wife being witnesses. The ceremony had scarcely been performed and the two pronounced man and wife before a second sleigh was driven up to the house in hot haste. An elderly gentleman got out and, coming in, confronted the party. The bride snatched the certificate from the justice's hand and held it triumphantly before the newcomer.

"I am free!" she exclaimed. Then, turning to her husband, she added, "I call upon you to protect me from this man."

"I am the lady's husband," said Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

The gentleman stood scowling at the two for a moment, then, turning, left the room, saying to Thurber:

"You have wed one who has been declared insane, and I question if such a marriage is legal. However, you have gained an advantage and I must leave your bride in your power. Good-bye."

Thurber, "and as such her legal protector."

BUY FOR INVESTMENT

U. S. Light and Heating

7 per cent. Preferred Stock
par \$10. At Present Price
yields over 8 per cent. on
investment.

Descriptive Circular Sent on Request

Gilbert, White & Co.

BANKERS & BROKERS.

20 BROAD STREET.

New York City.

Telephone 1525 Rector

Dr. Wm. B. Van Gieson

Physician and Surgeon.

No. 333 Franklin Street, opp. Washington Avenue.

Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M.

Telephone call Bloomfield 12.

Dr. W. F. Harrison

Veterinary Surgeon.

Office and Residence:

339 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.

Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M.

Telephone No. 2144 Bloomfield.

Chas. H. Halfpenny

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Office: 300 Broad Street, Newark.

Residence, Lawrence Street, Bloomfield.

Edward S. Black

Counsellor at Law.

330 Prudential Building, Newark, N. J.

Telephone 1190 Newark.

Residence:

80 Washington St., Bloomfield, N. J.

Money to loan on bond and mortgage.

Samuel W. Boardman, Jr.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Commercial and Real Estate Law.

Telephone 120-W Market.

UNION BUILDING, NEWARK, N. J.

109 Thomas Street, Bloomfield, N. J.

Phone 187-J. Opposite Winner Place.

Frederick A. Plich

Harry G. Plich

Plich & Plich

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

25 OLNEY STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

Residence of F. B. 36 Bloomfield Avenue.

Halsey M. Barrett

Randolph C. Barrett

Barrett & Barrett

Counsellors at Law.

Office, Prudential Building, Newark

Residence, 19 Elm St., Bloomfield.

Charles F. Koehler

Counsellor at Law

NEWARK: 174 Broad Street.

BLOOMFIELD: 35 Bloomfield Avenue.

Wm. Douglas Moore

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Office: 149 Broadway, New York City

Residence, 12 Austin Place, Bloomfield, N. J.

Fullerton Wells

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Office:

Fifth Avenue Building, New York City

Residence:

No. 148 Orchard Street, Bloomfield.

Alfred E. Van Liew

Counsellor at Law.

UNION BUILDING, OLNEY STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

Telephone 188 Newark.

Russell M. Everett

Patent Lawyer and Solicitor.

788 BROAD STREET, (Cor. Broad and Market), Newark, N. J.

Ernest Barolin

Civil Engineer and Surveyor.

National Bank Building, Bloomfield, N. J.

Residence: 14 Berkeley Heights Park.

Telephone 1254.

John F. Oaper

Architect.

Exchange Building, 45 Clinton Street, Newark

Residence: 15 Oakland Avenue, Bloomfield

LIFE ON A BOER FARM.

The House a Chamber of Horrors, the Housewife Hopelessly Dull.

An American woman traveling in South Africa was detained by floods and compelled to spend a month on a Boer farm. "The first night's monotony," she writes, "was broken by the roaring of the ostriches under our window. We thought it was a tame lion."

"The farmer and his family lived chiefly on sour bread and sour skink-milk, and I was therefore hungry most of the time, and the ripe figs hanging in clusters were pretty alluring. After pushing back the skin of the fig and enjoying the soft fruit, with its tropical taste, I had a refreshing night's sleep, only to awaken in the morning pretty well scared, for my tongue was so swollen and black that I could not talk."

"The Boer was laughed and enjoyed my discomfort and explained that the skin of the fig had numerous fine thorns and I had not been careful to remove them when eating."

"When I told the farmer's wife that I liked buttermilk in quantity I noticed that I had a cupful or so given me, but she threw it by the palful to the pigs. They were of far more consequence to her than I, for they would stay longer with me and were her familiars. I was not."

"Then, again, when I was hungry for butter on my bread a white, clammy substance made from sheep's fat was handed to me, and I would not allow the farmer's wife to see me quiver. She sold her butter in the village close by at 75 cents a pound, more or less. Sour bread and green strawberries (plenty of them) were considered good enough."

"This Boer family was one of the wealthiest of their kind. There was not a ripple of fun or exuberant life in anything but the live stock. Conversation was a dead language—unknown."

"The women are mute beings, accepting their destiny with deep stillness. The wife gives up her strength to the limit, and dies after giving birth to a dozen or more children, to make way for wife No. 2, who gives another dozen children to her country. Her adobe house, with its dirt floor made of ant hill clay mixed with beef gall, is a chamber of horrors to an American traveler."

"The farmer depends upon his ten or eighteen children of all ages to help him. A Kaffir as an employee is undependable as the winds that blow. Yet that Kaffir is the hired man in the mines and elsewhere in South Africa. The white man as a day laborer is a general failure. He cannot be worked in droves like the Kaffir from the interior, whose language, in clicks and vowel sounds, is hardly human."

"The Boer is not long lived. One seldom met an aged Boer of the old stock. Oom Paul Kruger, who was seventy-five years old when he died, was an exception. Hatred toward the uitlander and the lust for gold and power were what kept the fires of life burning at white heat within him. Health Culture."

Oratory No Longer Scarc.—"Oratory is a lost art," said a Cleveland man the other day. "I used to go down to the courts just to hear the lurid speeches. Nothing doing in that line any more. The lawyers do not talk about flowers, rainbows and sunbeams today."

"There was a lawyer in Cleveland years ago—Bill Robinson was his name—whose addresses to a jury always attracted a crowd. I will forever remember one of his sentences. The man he was fighting in the suit had a reputation as something of a miser."

"Who is this man—who is he?" thundered Robinson. "You know and I know that he boils his potatoes in widows' tears."

"This phrase caught the jury, and Robinson won his case, but one does not hear any such 'oratory' as that nowadays."—Case and Comment.

The Real Trouble.

"Oh, doctor," sighed the patient, "I am so glad you have come. I feel dreadful, and I don't know what in the world is the matter with me. My husband says it is nothing but nervous indigestion, but his mother is positive I am going to have appendicitis, and my mother declares I have intermittent fever, and my sister says it looks to her like creeping paralysis, and Aunt Henrietta says I've got malaria. What do you think I've got, doctor?"

"Well," frowns the physician, "from these symptoms I should say offend that you have too many relatives."—Chicago Post.

Dancing and Kissing.

The old time ballroom smacked of the kism. Without it the dance was incomplete. It was claimed as a right. And given freely. The very idea of such an omission would have caused a strike, as these hints foretold: But some reply. What fools would dance if that when dance is done, they may not have at lady's lips That which in dance he won? —London Tatler.

Joining His Lawyer.

Church—What was the name you called your lawyer?

Gothen—Necessity.

"But that's a funny name. Why do you call him Necessity?"

"Because he knows no law."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Matter of Fractions.

Biggs—My half brother is engaged to my wife's half sister. Biggs—When will they be made one?—Boston Transcript.

An evil speaker only wants an opportunity to become an evildoer.—Quintilla.

MONUMENTS.



Good Material. Good Designs. Low Prices on Work Direct from Quarries.

JOHN ESPY,

BLOOMFIELD AVENUE, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

TELEPHONE 996-J. NEAR VALLEY ROAD TROYLEY

Horace S. Osborne, Pres., Newark, N. J.

Arthur S. Marsellis, Sec'y and Treas. Montclair, N. J.

The Osborne & Marsellis Co.,

(INCORPORATED)

Quarrymen and Road Builders.

Broken and Building Stone, Lumber and Masons' Materials.

BEST QUALITY LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA AND CANDEL COAL. KINDLING WOOD

M. & B. and Long Distance Telephones.

Quarries: Coal Yard and Main Offices, Upper Montclair, N. J.

UNION

NATIONAL BANK

760 BROAD ST., NEWARK

CAPITAL.....\$1,500,000